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Original Song.

TO AN INDIAN DART.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

BY DILL H. SMITH

Eye pot the flash of fire crest,
Bound'st o'er the quiet sea;
The Indian sought the battle,
Will ne'er such a flirt ca chee.
He fix'd thee to his arrow,
And from the quivering bow
He sent thee swift and strongly
Against the hostile foe.

The loons, and the roe bruck,
He lowell'st on the plain;
And by the Dardel way itself
From off his high domain.
Thou had'st not known the pale-face
Had tomer' in that day,
Thou had'st not seen the lightning
That hung o'er them that way.

The thunder of his armies,
Had never met thine ear;
The storm of the battle-drum
It was not thine to hear.
Till fate shows thy pathway
Was written out the doom—
"We," to the fierce children,
When the pale-face shall come"

He came—the belly white man—
The spirit of war came;
Ye sent him, as ye oft had sent
The lance to the chase,
But the racer with which he greeted thee,
Ye could not understand.

Ye only saw your comrades
Lay dead upon the land!

And yegan him gone. The Indian
Hunt not with arrow now.
Beneath the deadlier rifle,
The will of battle-bow
The broad, free lands which once were there,
The pale-face now doth claim
And the red-man of the wilderness,
Hath nearly gone his name

Relic of times long vanish'd—
Why lingerest thou here?
Has the ghost of the red-man
Pass'd with his bow and spear?
Then clingest to the native soil—
Why would'st not share the grave
With thy people in the stronger land
Far by the dashing wave?

Go seek thee out the hunter chief,
That hath'st left his dart;
When he reved the woods as free and bold
As the streams from which he quaff'd;
Or the weak, to the Sabel d'Or"
His dart is all there'll find.
Neather'd about the Christian's field—
The plaything of the wind!

How like to thee, lone relic!
In now the forest child
A chance one yet doth linger
About his native wild.
A stray leaf from its parent stem,
Some alien's gone to scent;
Or a thing then to be trampled,
Beneath the spoiler's foot!

Translations.

THE PEDLAR'S DAUGHTER.

A Tale of the Seventeenth Century.

CONTINUED.

TRANSLATED, FOR THE POST, FROM THE FRENCH,

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

CHAPTER IV.—A DISCOVERY.

Poor Diana! No deep was her distress, that the rough sergeant could not but see, and that in her ease that might be accomplished which his reason told him was almost an impossibility. He raised her in his large and strong arm, by offering to consult his captain relative to the chances, if any existed, of her obtaining access to the king. Diana received him with eager eyes, and parted lips as he addressed, first the officer in command of the escort, and then several others. A moment's delay could not of course bear a word of these conversations, but she could judge by the gestures of the speakers how favorable was the applications. In a little time the soldier returned, and advised her of what she had too truly foreseen—that there was no hope.

The blow was terrible—crushing. It dispelled in a breath all the sanguine expectations which ardent youth and fervent gratitude had encouraged. At Caen she thought, "could I only reach Paris!" and at every stage of the wearisome journey, she had decreed only to accomplish it in season, confident at a happy issue to all of gratitude, if she could but arrive at Paris before the fatal blow was struck. And now, while perchance the royal ear was so near to her lips, every day walls away she might be heard, to find the chilling forms and defences of royalty shutting her out! It was terrible.

At that moment the drums beat—the soldiers presented arms, and a young woman evidently of rank, but attired simply by fine or six persons as her suite, came in a chair from the interior.

Diana ran to the lady, in a beseeching attitude. "I am ignorant, Madame, as to who you are—but you must be of high rank—you have access to the king—you must have pity upon my despair!" So saying she clung to the sedan to prevent its tenant from passing her by unheard. The lady made a gesture to the porters to stand.

"What do you wish of me, young woman?" she said, speaking in a severe tone, and looking Diana steadily and enquiringly in the face.

"That you would obtain pardon for the Marquis de Sénancourt." Diana studenly lost from by replied. And the feeble and timid girl quailed not before the stern glance of the courtly dame—for the great interest of her benefactor gave her courage and strength.

"What has the Marquis done?" inquired the lady.

"He has fought a duel."

"Thou all hope is idle," answered the lady. "The king will accept no pardon in such case."

"But it was to protect me, Madame, that he fought. It was to save my honor and snatch me from the most cruel and infamous insults. Is not he who wears a sword a coward if he protects not a defenceless female?"

"I can do nothing for your lover," replied the lady, who appeared, nevertheless to regard the fair supplicant with increasing interest.

"My lover!" exclaimed Diana, indignantly and with dignity—" My lover! Monsieur the Marquis never saw me but once in his life—and that was the day on which he saved me from a fate worse than death!"

The lady who still seemed to be looking intently at Diana had fallen into a profound reverie. At length she aroused herself, and was about to dismiss her servants to proceed, when Diana threw herself some upon her knees, and with clasped hands, in a voice stifled with sobs, exclaimed:

"Save him, Madame! Save him!"

The lady made a sign to Diana to rise and approach nearer. Then leaning on the edge of the litter. "Listen to me," she said, "and bethink you girl, that all my questions will be earnest and serious."

"I will listen, as to an angel," answered Diana.

"To save the Marquis," continued the lady, "I have you the courage to obey positively all the orders you will receive from me? Can you expose yourself to arduous and difficult proofs—to imminent perils? Perhaps I shall even demand your life. If I obtain the pardon of M. de Sénancourt, you will belong to me, body and soul—is that the compact we must make together?"

"I promise, on my life, blindly to obey you; and no sacrifice will be too great to avert any perils that may be imposed by my benefactress."

"This is well. From this moment, then, your obedience commences. Reply to me. When did you arrive in Paris?"

"Last evening."

"Does any person know of your arrival?"

"Five or six only."

The lady seemed a little disturbed, but proceeded—

"And who are those persons?"

"My father, for one."

"What is your father?"

"A colporteur, who arrived last evening with me."

"And who are the other persons?"

"Our hostess of the Sabot d'Or, in the Rue Geoffroy-l'Asnier, Madame. They have there are her husband, and the people with whom my father deals, Master Pierre Rapatlier, the stocking weaver, Master Nicolas Gosselin, the cutler—"

"That will do—I do not want to hear their names. I must see the girl, her father dismissed again. "Cover your face with this veil—return to your inn, and let no person see your face before you come to the Rue Geoffroy-l'Asnier. There shut yourself up in your apartment, and await the orders which I shall transmit to you. The person by whom I shall send my message, will demand the veil. Follow her without hesitation, as soon as you have taken leave of your father."

Tears shone in the eyes of Diana.

"What!" said the lady, "you hesitate? You may break the compact at once, if you so desire!"

"No, Madame!" said Diana, with a firm voice. "I ought to sacrifice every thing—and yes, every thing for my deliverer."

"Adieu, then. I return to the palace. Repair, you to the Sabot d'Or!"

Diana kissed the lady's hand, and went to rejoin her father, who stood at a little distance off, impatient and anxious during the long conversation. He hastened to assist Diana to seat herself upon the mule which he had held by the bridle. While they were on the road he would have addressed her many questions as to what had passed, but the poor child was too much agitated to converse, and begged silence by a gesture of the hand, while they hastened their return to the inn.

Arrived in the street Geoffroy-l'Asnier, she removed the veil, lest it should excite the attention of the Dame Marsilac, and retired to the pecurious tissue into her pocket. When they reached the inn, she sprang lightly from the saddle, and ran to her father, who was about to lead the mules to the owner. "Let a servant do that, my father."

"Else ought, indeed, because it was, he conceived, a needless expense to pay a boy a few sous to do what he could do himself. Nevertheless he complied with the request of Diana, and followed her into their little apartment. There Diana threw her arms about his neck, and kissed him tenderly, and then locked with sobs—"My father! we must separate."

Elias startled suddenly from her arms—"We separate!" he cried—" Never! never! I leave my child, my life, my happiness! What misfortune has occurred? I have been but for a week—a day—how could a spare free for an hour even, it not assured of thy happiness?"

But the separation is inevitable," Diana mournfully repeated.

"It never shall take place—never, never! I will be with her. My life is her only stake—for then I can prove my affection and solicitude."

"But my dear good father! I am not mistress of my own destiny." And she proceeded to recount to the old man, under his pledge of secrecy, the adventure of the day, and that she had entered with the unknown lady.

"Very well," said Elias. "We will both faithfully keep engagement. She shall have no sleep instead of one. Aha! She knows not what old Elias, the Jew is capable. The serpent has not more wisdom—the eagle not more fidelity—aye, I can give lessons to the fox in cunning. Yet lose thy child, and we will not separate us."

"But, my father!" Diana expostulated—

"Not a word, my child, I shall die! tell thee. Save the life of the Marquis, but let me live also!"

"I am not thy father!" said the old man, breaking away from her and hurriedly pacing the room with strongly marked face with an anxious eye.

"I am no more thy father!" said Elias, casting on a tear from his eye. "I open to more to be. I am not now—I never was thy parent! No—Heaven forbid that Elias should be the father of an ingrate!"

Diana released her arm and stood still—astonished—grieved—irresolute. The old man continued—

"Thou art an orphan," continued Elias. "I bought thee from a Bohemian gypsy, who had either stolen thee from thy parents, or taken these as a foundling, from the door of the Church of St. Landry."

The girl cast a chair, overpowered with this singular revelation, but still in doubt whether it was the truth, or the insane ravings of the old man.

"I saw the woman, herself in rage, with two children, also filthy and in tatters. She sold a little thee from the band, parents, or at least their child in her arms—pale—starved—half-dead, and tottering the weak, but piercing cry of Diana, raising her head.

Diana shuddered.

"I was intent at very ill," said I, dropping a small piece of gold from my hand as she begged me—I ill," said the creature, with a fiendish grin, "you may well say that—but she will not be well. She is dying and two days at the most. Aside, will put an end to her wailing and noise! Well, how, I asked, can be your child die with no more thought of sorrow than this? 'It is no child of mine,' she answered. 'I am not its mother. I took it from the door of a church!' 'Shy rather you stole it!' I answered, and the wretch laughed again. 'Oh, well,' she answered, 'if I did not find the little wretch on the steps of a church, somewhere else—unless the dogs eat her—for I go to place her there, and get rid of the sick a creature

should know nothing of me, except what I choose to inform you, and that only when I deem it proper to divulge it. Be cautious, old man! Think well what the life of this girl, upon whom you look with so much tenderness, will be answerable for your obedience and fidelity.

The keen eye of the unknown detected the silent shudder of Elias, at the mention of danger to his child, and she felt sure of him. "And now for both of us, Diana," said the mysterious personage, taking a cavalier's cloak and plumed hat from a chair, and arming himself. directing Diana to do the same. The old man was also similarly accoutred.

The unknown then took a packet of papers from a table, and led the Jew and his daughter into the passage by which they entered. After proceeding a short distance, she knocked gently at a door which turned without noise upon its hinges. At a little distance another door opened. Diana started, and was on the point of uttering a cry of surprise—but suppressed her emotion.

The Marquis de Sénancourt was there, upon his knees before a crucifix, praying with the fervor of a man, whose last hour has come, and meditated in his preparations for the great change.

The lady slipped the papers, which she had taken from the unknown into the hand of Diana, and pushed her gently toward the kneeling man. He raised his head, and seeing a female approach, rose to his feet.

"You come to tell me that the hour of my execution has arrived. Shall I not see the Comte de Soissons before I die? A short time since, at the Bastile, they suddenly separated me from him."

"Ah," continued the Marquis with a melancholy smile, "I understand. We shall meet upon the scaffold!" And then in a gayer tone he added—"Proceed, Messieurs!"

The Unknown directed his attention to the packet in the hand of Diana.

"The process of my arrest and condemnation! Just Heaven! I have heard it three times already. I desire rather the presence of my confessor, for whom I have vainly called, than any renewal to this process!"

The Unknown pushed him again to the packet—then took it in her hand, broke the seal, and read the contents in a strong and disguised tone of voice.

"What!" cried the Marquis—"an order for the immediate postponement of my execution, and a promise of full and entire pardon in a year, if the person to whom I owe the mercy of the suspension of the order for execution fulfils the obligations into which she has entered! To whom then do I owe life now, and liberty hereafter?"

The mysterious lady, by a sudden movement raised the hat which concealed the features of Diana, and cast off the mantle which concealed her person.

"To this young girl," cried the Marquis, astonished. "I know her not—I have never before seen her!"

A cold shudder ran through the frame of Diana, and she felt that she was about to faint. "Do you not recollect then the poor girl whom you protected, a few days since, from the insolence of the officers of the escort, on account you have been imprisoned and condemned to death?"

"To the custom of that scene," said the Marquis—"it was hardly possible for me to remark your features. But now, I can never forget them. You have pleaded my cause at heart, as those of the good angel, to whom I owe my life. But how, Monsieur," said he addressing the Unknown, "can a person who has had not suspected, "how is it possible that this poor child, whom I found without defence in the streets of Caen, and who was attacked by a soldier, has power to-day to obtain a grace from the king which he had refused to his own brother?"

"That is Diana's secret," said the Unknown, disguising her voice, and carefully keeping up her disguise. "Monsieur le Marquis, I am the hand of your benefactress, and make you aware. Your humble costume is only a disguise but whatever may be your rank, my heart and my life belong to you!"

"Monsieur-le-Marquis," said Diana, commencing in a voice trembling at first, but gaining strength as she proceeded, "I am sure that yourself a delusion which you may one day regret. I am no more than I seem—a daughter of the people—the child of a colporteur—a Jew. You have protected me from ruin, and it has been God's will, through a miracle incomprehensible to me, to obtain the commitment of your deliverance. It is I who should kneel and ask your forgiveness for the anguish which you have already undergone, and the imprisonment to which you must still submit, on account of a poor creature whose despised birth has not already taught you to despise her individually, while you but answered the generous impulses of your heart. Monsieur, adieu!"

Diana went weeping from the apartment. The Unknown led her by the hand, and conducted her, followed by Elias, to the room which they had just left. "Weep no more, my child," said the Unknown, "but dry your eyes. Eat, and then throw yourself upon a bed and seek the repose which you need as a preparation for a long and fatiguing voyage."

CHAPTER VI.—MORE MASQUERADE.

"And now, Diana, said the mysterious personage, "now that we are alone, is our work!" She unfastened the packet, and brought forth gowns, like girls of her condition in lands upon the temples, and re-arranged it in long and tight ringlets. Then she dashed her of the woodcloths which presents wear, found her elegant form in a bodice, and put upon her a velvet robe, which, as her shoulders and bosom exposed, after the court mode of that epoch. She took from her pocket a diamond collar, and placed it upon Diana. She did the same by her rings, placing them upon the girl's fingers, and making her whole toilet with an address and vivacity which would have astonished an accomplished femme de chambre. When she had finished—

"Now, my child," she said to the pedlar's daughter, who had endured her transformation in a stupor of wonder and expectation, "it is necessary that you begin to wear becomingly the robes which make you even more beautiful than your costume as the colporteur's daughter. In this way," said the stranger walking round her, "you must dispose of your train with your arm, or it will trip you; and as you move, let the steps of a carriage lift your robes thus, as if unconsciously to show the end of a graceful little foot which a princess might envy. Let us pass," the Unknown continued, in a more serious tone. Your father, and another old man who will accompany you, follow close after you. We are all the valets who are in your train, and the women who serve you, take you for another person. You must feign distress and anxiety, and thus avoid speaking as much as possible. Arm yourself with presence of mind—be astonished at nothing, and put entire confidence in the old man of whom I have spoken to you. You must blindly and implicitly obey his orders, whether you comprehend their purpose or not—and it is a solution indeed that you will understand them. You are intelligent and courageous—these qualities alone would carry you safely and happily through—but you are protected by still another talisman more powerful far, which places me of all fear relative to your success."

"And what is that, Madame?"

"Your love for Philippe."

Diana averted her face, and blushed to the temples.

"Now," said the lady, "help me in your turn to my toilet. I wish to clothe myself in the costume of the pedlar's daughter. Perhaps I shall have need to wear it."

And she proceeded to arrange her hair after the manner that Diana had worn here, and to put on her robes, and woollen coat. When she had finished by closing the coarse veil, she surveyed her person in the Venitian mirror, and could not suppress a smile of satisfaction. The costume suits them my age to a marvel!" she said, "it seems to me that I am in a moment years younger. But—support," she added, with a sigh, "I have no more the freshness on the brilliance of sixteen. To-morrow my women, taking you for me, will tell you that their mistress never looked younger nor better than now—and yet the flatterers have hardly seen me yet. Chance favors my views, they entered my service but yesterday, and all four are French."

The Unknown added to the instructions which she had already given many more hints and recommendations, frequently repeating her injunction that Diana must obey strictly and without a question the directions of the old man who would attend her. "On that," she said, "depends not only the success of our enterprise, but your own life, and that of your father."

The passed the night, and day found them still engaged. At six in the morning there was a knock at the door. The Unknown, in her borrowed dress, opened it, and an old man entered, tall, and of stern and forbidding aspect. He bowed profoundly to Diana, and had kissed the hem of her robe, when a shout of laughter from the lady arrested him. He turned suddenly—but it was not till then that he discovered his error.

"I have been the dupe of your disguises, said he, with a most respectful obeisance to the Unknown, "I took you for a young woman—yourself. Let us accept the blunder as a happy omen of the success of our designs."

To the last words of the Marshal Diana, the Marquis of Sénancourt shall be your companions."

She conversed a few moments in a low voice with the Marshal, and then disappeared. He opened the door of the chamber of Elias, and the Jew came forth, with head erect, as a soldier, and clothed in a rich military costume. The Marshal took from the hand of Diana, a cane which was attached to a golden chain, a little pipe of the same metal, with which he sounded thrice. Four women instantly appeared, with profound obeisance.

"Your mistress," said the Marshal, "departs immediately on a journey of some duration—and you must be ready in half an hour." He said in a second carriage. The journey she desires should be kept a profound secret. And when they had gone he added, "I am sure that in five minutes there will not be a person in the palace ignorant of what I have said—and in ten minutes more—and that publicity is precisely what I wish."

A sumptuous breakfast was served to Diana. She recalled the hints that had been given her by the unknown, and conducted herself in such a manner that the servants, by whom she was surrounded, could not suspect that she was not the lady whom they served.

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Some little heroines she committed against the canons of form, but not one except that Marshal detected them, and his glances revealed her each time in the mode of etiquette.

The old Marshal offered Diana his arm: she accepted his guidance, as the Unknown had instructed her, and they departed thither amid a grand door, where, without, stood a travelling chariot to which six horses were harnessed. When Diana appeared upon the steps to descend, the drums beat, the trumpet sounded a flourish, the guards presented arms, and as she stood out she recognized the entrance to the Louvre, where but the morning before, she as the pedlar's daughter, had been threatened with the halt. Little suspected the Sergeant to whom he was doing reverence.

Diana, was seated in the place of honor in the first chariot. The Marshal sat beside her, and the old Jew Elias took his place on a box seat opposite his child. The chariot drove rapidly away, and Diana found herself in the most relative value of woollen stuffs and imperial velvet.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

Original Poetry.

THE MANDAN'S DIRGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

Bright ray of the morning,
Cold, cold is thy slumber;
The rains drop over thee,
And breathings encumber,
And flowers are carried away.

The fond hand that cradled thee,
And sheltered thee from storms,
Is cold to-day,
Without one breath
Of Monumonah!

Though sadness is upon thee,
The flowers pale around,
Dying's breath on zephyr is
Low, hushed and moaning,
But yonder the sunbeam,
And yonder the shadow,
And the trunk of the sprinquile
Calls them to the
Monumonah!

Above them, fair Maiden!
The mourners are weeping
The lids of the heaviest,
Sad teardrops are dropping
Like rain-drops on leaves
Of the forest in autumn,
Or dew-drops on flowers
Of the meadow in spring,
Where music is scattered
Monumonah!

No finesse was left untried; but despite the well directed efforts of the match reversers, Peter and his bride were ready to enter into a formal promise to "love, honor and cherish;" and the villagers expected every day to hear the announcation of the very day and hour.

If anything could divert Peter from the tender attentions and delightful anticipations peculiar to such a period, it was a bit of gossiping mischief—a small piece of scandal, in quincy mood, waiting the parson's report, and awaiting an occasional look at the house to see that the early fall rat-pipes were all right. It is, Providence and the parson were laughing at circumstances which the industry of Peter Prate had inaugurated in such a harvest. Providence pleaded guilty to the French calico, and to the basket, child and all. She said that on the first day on which she donned the dress, she had to return to her sister's a borrowed basket, and a borrowed baby, which she had been employed to carry. On exchange of her borrowed baby as an aunt. The one suggested itself as a convenient vehicle for the other; and certain promiscuousness may not have been unprecedented also, as the said calico dress was a new one, and the gloss not taken from it. On this head of Miss Prudence's, hung the whole story.

Peter Prate went off "a whaling," and has never been heard of since. The chorus of laughter, long and loud, which saluted his care when the parson made his report, was the last sound in the village which she had been used to hear. Providence after such a solution to the temporary mystery he had unwittingly conjured up about her, he made no comment; she had no data to think of it. She found some other swain, and has now no occasion to borrow her basket souls.

NOTE—Improbable as the main incident in this little sketch may seem, it is the fact upon which it was founded—the child in a basket, and the gossip thereupon in exact truth.

The Family Circle.

A VIRGINIA HOMESTEAD.

The Editor of the Cincinnati Herald is traveling in Virginia. He thus describes an ancient domicile in the Sweet Scented Country:

"Dickens complained when in this country, that every thing looked new. He had visited Virginia his taste for the ancient might have been gratified. I sat now in the attic of one of those old peaked roof domiciles, so common in this part of Virginia—impressing on the outside, low eaves, full of inexplicable chinks. It is of only about ninety years standing, and was never painted. Its owner—a descendant of old fashioned secretary are highly venerable. Nothing can exceed the neatness in the interior of one of these aged dwellings. The floors are polished and without mat—every old-fashioned red-bottom chair is in its place. Not an atom of dust rests upon any thing. The beds, with their pure white domestically manufactured counterpanes, almost make you feel downy. Every thing is clean, still and excellent. The owner of this tenement, an old man aged eighty-six, of great worth and a rare old Virginia gentleman, who was the tenant of a small but comfortably grave yard, just in sight, surrounded by four or five fine cedar trees. For sixty-one years he has resided at this place, and the neighborhood has scrupled the dwelling; and there was even some talk of building a church on the Prayer, twenty a century old, containing the family records ever had.

"Every thing about me has a grave aspect, which is enhanced by the mild shadowing sight and sounds of autumn. On my way here I passed a funeral, through a forest of pines. In 1619, said a venerable old lady, this tree was planted in ours. Just in such an age two tenements, deserted. The plantations will soon be covered with pine, which seems to delight in relieving desolation. I like pine trees. In my new home I shall build their shadows, and when a boy, nothing was more delightful than to run into their cool and fragrant depths. The wind must be from the ocean as when it sighs through their peculiar foliage."

TOSSING THE PANCAKE.

The family group and the "boys and girls" of the neighbors gather round the fireside, and amuse their hum time by tossing and in toasting the pancake. The tossing of the first is always attended in the oldest mansion of the set of the host, who performs the task not of ignorance, but trepidation, for much of her book during the year is supposed to depend upon her good or ill success on the occasion. The tosses it, and usually a little too high to receive it back again without a wrinkle on its face, and a reverse in the pan. Long calculations upon her good fortune go round, and another makes the effort, perhaps but as a sad misfortune, the pancake is either not turned in the pan, or falls out. The unhappy individual is then doomed, she can have no share of marrying for a twelve month. But the girl who has been lucky is destined to have the best husband in the whole connected circle of her friends, who performs the task not of ignorance, but trepidation, for much of her book during the year is supposed to depend upon her good or ill success on the occasion. She

American Biography

A CAROLINIAN.

Meth—to the general eye—remains unwritten of the History of our Republic; and many of the Worthies of the Revolution are yet known, as they should be, to the whole people, through the length and breadth of the land. If we would keep alive the memory of the men to which the privileges which we hold—all too lightly—are attributed; if we would cherish the sentiment of gratitude to the brave men, who perilled all to secure the privileges which we enjoy; and, if we would vitally elevate Americans to a proper estimate of their duties and their privileges, it can be best done through frequent reference to the personal histories of the patriots of '76. With a view to the aiding of purposes so desirable, we copy from the Boston Mercantile Journal the following biographical notice of

HENRY LAURENS.

In December, 1776, he relinquished his station as President of Congress, for what reason we are not told, and received its thanks "for his conduct in the chair, and in the execution of public business." His acknowledgments were returned for the honor conferred upon him, which, he observed, "should be of service to his children." In the following year, he received the appointment of Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to Holland; and being captured on his voyage, was taken to England, and there imprisoned in the Tower of London, on suspicion of treason, and was officially mentioned by Sir Joseph York as "styling himself President of the pretended Congress." The commitment was accompanied with orders "to confine him a close prisoner—to be locked up every night—to be in the custody of two warders—not to suffer him to be out of their sight one moment, day or night—to allow him no liberty of speaking to any person, nor to permit any person to speak to him—to forbid him the use of pen, ink and all other means of conveying his sentiments to any person, nor to receive any letter or message from any person without the knowledge of the Secretary of State."

Afflicted with the gout, and other diseases—his head whitened with the snows of fifty-six years—in a situation full of misery—the spirit of ardor seemed to be overflowing. That venerable and illustrious character was confined to two small rooms, with a warder for his constant companion, and he was not permitted to walk under his window, enjoying neither friend nor exercise with the honor of sovereign-born. Deprived of pen and ink, he at length fortunately procured pencils. After a month's resentment, permission was granted him to exercise on a limited ground, but a warder, armed with a cutlass, followed him closely. He had availed himself of this indulgence for about three weeks, when Lord George Gordon, who was also imprisoned in the Tower, unluckily met and asked Mr. Laurens to walk with him. Mr. Laurens declined the offer, and hastened to his apartment. Governor Gore, provoked at this transgression of his positive orders, locked him up for thirty-seven days, though the attending warder (from Mr. Laurens's politeness) refused to the violation of any established rule. About this time, one of his friends and memorable correspondents, interested in his welfare, solicited the Secretaries of State to grant Mr. Laurens an exchangement on parole, and offered his fortune as security for his good conduct. The following message to Mr. Laurens was the consequence:—"Their Lordships say, you will point out anything for the benefit of Great Britain in the present dispute with the Colonies—further they will be relieved. This proposal inspired him with the noblest feelings, and causing his pencil and ulcerate the necessary to any allowement founded in ignoble views, he closed the fortress' replication. The same friend, soon after, during a private interview with Mr. Laurens, observed, "I perceive with you this morning, not particularly as your friend, but as the friend of Great Britain. I have certain propositions to make for obtaining your liberty, which I advise you seriously to listen to attentively." Requesting to know what they were, Mr. Laurens added, "An honest man receives no time to make a base bid answer in cases where his honor is concerned. If the Secretaries of State will entrust me upon parole, I will solemnly engage to do nothing, directly or indirectly, to the hurt of this kingdom. I will return to America, or remain in any part of England which may be assigned, and surrender myself when demanded." To which his friend replied, "No, sir, you must stay in London among your friends." The ministry will allow here occasion to send for and consult you. You can write two or three lines to the ministers, and barely say you are sorry for what is past. A spirited reply followed. Every man has been wrong at some time or other in his life, and should not be ashamed to acknowledge it." Mr. Laurens immediately exclaimed, "I will never make such an act of infamy and to the dishonor of my children."

Such newspapers from America as were sent to England by the publication of British successes, especially in South Carolina, and subsequently to the surrender of the capital, were sent to him for his perusal with an insulting regularity. He was there informed, that his country was lost, refusing to fight in the cause in which they had embarked, were flocking to the enemy for protection and reward, and that the estates of Colonists and other considerable men were under actual sequestration by the British Government. But to every such communication Mr. Laurens calmly and characteristically replied, "none of these things move me."

In the year 1781, his eldest son, Lieutenant Colonel John Laurens, arrived in France, as minister of Congress. Mr. Laurens "then began to write to his son, that if he would withdraw himself from that court, it might possibly obtain his father's release. The reply was—"My son is of age, and has a will of his own. If I should write to him as you request, it would have no effect. He would only conclude that confinement and persuasion had intimidated and overcome me. I know that my son loves me dearly, and would lay down his life to save mine but I am sure nothing would compel him to sacrifice his honor, and I applaud him."

In want of money for immediate purposes, and desirous of drawing a bill of exchange on a merchant in London for the amount, he received a pecuniary request to the Secretaries of State in the use of existing materials. Their lordships received it, but retained no answer, though the promises had been made. Mr. Laurens, destitute of support, and of medical assistance, was confined to his bed with the gout. Pursuing the same high-minded course which he had so long and so nobly maintained, in the noblest feelings of the heart, he constantly refused his enemies any favor which could be in the confession that he was a British subject, for no such fact had ever commenced about such a favor. It was finally proposed to him to sue for his pardon, and to plead guilty at the Bench: and when the words of the recognizance, "our sovereign lord the king," were read to Mr. Laurens, he distinctly refused to open court, "Not my sovereign!" With this declaration, his wife, Martha Laurens and her children, as his executors, were bound for his appearance at the next court which was to sit after Easter term, and for not departing without leave of the court, upon the penalty of one thousand dollars. He was then discharged from his obligation to attend, but solicited by Lord Shelburne to depart for the continent to assist in relieving for the pacification with America. The idea of being released gratuitously by the British Government, excited honest loss, for he had invariably considered himself as a prisoner of war. Possessed of a lofty sense of personal independence, and unwilling to be treated under any peculiar obligation, he thus expressed himself: "I dread to be under obligations to any man, and Congress must demand General Burgoyne for me. I am a citizen of these United States, and willing to offer Earl Cornwallis for them."

Close confinement in the Tower for more than fourteen months had shattered his constitution, and he was ever afterwards a stranger to good health. As soon as his discharge was promulgated, he received from Congress a commission appointing him one of their ministers to negotiate a peace with Great Britain. Arrived at Paris, in conjunction with Dr. Franklin, John Adams, and John Jay, he signed the preliminaries of peace on the 30th of November, 1782, by which the independence of the United States was unequivocally acknowledged, from other Us. Mr. Laurens returned to Carolina. Entirely satisfied with the whole course of his conduct while abroad, it will readily be imagined that his entertainment refused him no distinction within their power to bestow. But every solicitation to which he would be elected Governor, member of Congress, or of the Legislature, he positively withstood. When the project of a general convention for revising the federal bond of union, was under consideration, he was there, without a knowledge, one of its members, but he refused to attend. During the whole of his life, he was generous, he found delight in agricultural experiments, in philosophical researches, in the duties and dependents, and in attention to the interests of his friends and fellow-citizens.

He died on the 8th of December, 1792, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. His will contained a clause in his amiable manner, which is strictly complied with:—"I solemnly enjoin it upon my sons as an indispensable duty, that as soon as conveniently can after my decease, the bones of my body to be wrapped in lead, boards of low cloth, and burnt until to be entered in the family vault at my plantation in South Carolina."

Mr. Laurens had four children, one of whom, Mrs. Houghton, died at Paris, where she was celebrated Dr. Ramsay; the other, Mr. Henry Laurens. One of the sons, Col. John Laurens, resided for many years in Charleston, South Carolina.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 22, 1834

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person who will procure FIVE DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, one dozen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, one dozen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, and a copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copies of the Ladies' Companion.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

People are beginning to talk and to think of the approaching Presidential election. Why the very thought of a real, bona-fide cheerful glow can give one back to the days of hope and manliness and boldness of our youth. Then, indeed, the mothers toasted their pedals by such bonne mesure—we of this generation must put up with the cold comfort of a furnace in the cellars, as rooms made into ovens by iron contrivances. The history and mystery of which seems to be to discuss every thing like a blaze, every sign like a fire light, every aspect like cheerfulness—and of those sable notions of which Cowper the tea caddy poet sang:

"Now see the fire and wheel the sofa round"

Stir the fire indeed! Why Betty does that, though—Betty—Betty—Betty from Ireland—Betty Cave, that the laureate talks about. We are not sure of the orthography of D. Daniel, Esq., though the Union knows the matter. We have no right to spell it our way, as Southey had to spell it another. And as Betty cleaks the parlor and tattles the rest down in the lower depths, it seems as if the black Giant Attendes were making an extra kick in his chains, as he works to melt the heat up. And under such circumstances of lamentable ignorance of what comfort is and ought to be, the whole of this generation talk about "fire-sides!"

"Heugh! I grieve, I grieve,
O that I had ne'er gone frae Adam and Eve!"

Abundance of new things are there under the sun, and the sun is overlooking the whole world of ours. At the West Mr. Cost proposes to make the moon and stars merely ornaments, by the formation of a magnetic light for cities, which it will be necessary to suspend, when you wish to show children the planets—as they do in the case of the new comet—by the phantasmagoria be visible. In France silk is received back into its original gelatinous condition, and thence into the cocoon, and the chimney boy makes his fingers serried with rectitair in sealing a letter. And down East, Mr. Brown, the Yankee, has found out how to make cheap lucifers by the use of the Electric Telegraph. Then, in Ireland, the Repeal Association is in full operation, and the Liberator is in the chair, with magnetic threads, which will be formed by a magnetic light for cities, which

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Notices of New Works.

NOTES OF TRAVEL, IN EUROPE, EGYPT, AND THE HOLY LAND; containing a VISIT to the CITY of PARIS—*Explorations. By Clement Green Kirkbride, of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: Butler & Williams.* This discovery may be the gentlemanly author's own discovery, his own curiosity, in the years 1841 and '42. He had, while making it, no intention of publishing what he made very local notes. But after his return, as we are informed in the preface, he was induced to comply with the earnest solicitation of numerous friends, induced him to prepare his Notes for the press. He has accordingly published them in very brief sketches, and has thereby avoided all superfluous matter and common place reflections appertaining to the readily open fields of reference to the gaudy embellishments.' The writer's object seems to have been to give the reader an event of the sketches he visited as could be done in the space he would be bound to fill. The work is highly recommend the occasional aid of others. And he has given us a very interesting volume, from which as much real information may be gleaned as from any effort of the kind before the public.

THE ANATOMY OF THE HUMAN BODY. *By J. Cruvel. Rev. First American, from the last French Edition. Edited by Granville Sharp Pattison, M. D., Professor of Anatomy in the University of Penn. New York: Harper, Philadelphia: Lindsay & Co.*—This is a valuable work of nearly a thousand pages, possessing the advantage over the French edition, given the Editor's introduction of cuts, which enrich in value and clearness. In relation to this volume of the work, we quote from the American editor, that while each works generally acknowledge the greatest merit to the transcendent editor it "embodies a fund of information, in connexion with Physiology and Pathology, which will procure for it a place on the library of every physician and student who feels any interest in his profession." And, indeed, it is a great valuable work in the profession.

FAIRY LAND, AND OTHER SKETCHES FOR YOUTH. *By the author of Peter Parley's Tales. Boston: Marsh & Co. Philadelphia: Butler & Williams.* Peter Parley, that old and tried friend of the Little Folks, seems, to have laid himself out in this tasteful offering, to show what he can. The cuts and other embellishments are tastefully lithographed in many colors—the letter press is done by Dickenson, of Boston, and is quite as fine as equals, but no superiors in the art typographic. and the whole effort is such one as would be very highly appreciated by present to Queen Victoria herself. If one could only get their consent to let to make the tender, it is not to be beaten to Fairy Land, by Fairy Printers, though they work in rose carmine, violet blue, and ink of the darkest pepper's essence.

HOURS OF MEDITATION *and Devotional Reflections upon the Religious, Moral and Social Duties of Life, by Simeon Ledyard, Graduate of Yale College, and Pastor of James D. Knox. New York: A. S. Rockfeld. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.* This volume contains twenty essays, on the class of subjects indicated in the title. A work of this nature we had the gratification to announce a volume of sketches by the same author, published by Mr. Appleton; and we find here a book of a more thoughtful tone, but one less worth attention. The author appears to be only to be known to the American public to be admired. He has been a voluminous writer and has many friends.

THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW. *Philadelphia: Zieber & Co., and T. B. Peterson.* The number of the Democratic Review and United States Review, for October, contains amongst as matter the Poem delivered by Park Benjamin, Esq., at the opening of the Society of American Association's Course of Lectures. The subject is "Inclination," and the style of the performance is of a superior character. Some of its passages are beautiful, others good naturedly laugh fully out of countenance. The rest of the number is made up of articles on the Democratic politics, and general literature of high order.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE LONDON MEDICAL SOCIETY, AND CYCLOPEDIA OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE. *Edited by J. Forbes.* Wait *Lieutenant by Lewis. Philadelphia: Samuel Barker.* These works are being issued semi-monthly by the death of us, and the American Publishers are well to be highly indebtable on account of the labor and taste from his touch, and every thing that he touches is received into his, no matter what is its original nature We recommend the brethren to the work, and hope it may prove a boon, as a capital subject. It may be had of *T. B. Peterson.*

OREGON. *By a Gentleman of Alabama. Philadelphia: Lea & Co.*—This work is a compilation from Wilkes' Revelations, in which, as the writer resides at the South, we shall probably not be disappointed in finding some vivid description of Southern scenery and the Southern institutions warfare. The Preface is well written and learned—and in paying out the book here and there we have found some sentiments and characters which were better omitted, we perceive that the story is a bustling one, and the interest well supported.

SAM SLICK IN ENGLAND. *Second Series. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard and T. B. Peterson.* This work, from which we had an extract in our last, brings to us Sam Slick even better than we could have hoped to expected. It has many very grotesque and amusing passages, and some, perhaps a thought too free, upon subjects where more may be considered sacred. On the whole, however, it must be conceded that Sam is decidedly an amusing fellow, and a good one.

ATTILA: *A Romance. By G. P. R. James, Esq. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Peterson & Peters, and T. B. Peterson.*—The author of Mr. James's earlier romances, and one of the best, when in his best good. It is here reviewed in a single volume, and in No. 4, of a series of volumes, fit for taking along in town and country, as a book of leisure and for a book to will not almost lose you from Philadelphia to New York

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RHETORIC. *By George Campbell, D. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Peterson & Peters.* This work, which is a work of good authority, embracing all the latest corrections and additions. It is printed in a handsome volume, and needs no other recommendation to the notice than the announcement of its publication.

THE ROMANCE BIBLE of the Messrs Harpers' has reached its 10th number, and has here received in town by our friends *T. B. Peterson, Zieber & Co., and Peterson & Peters.* The number contains the following excerpts in the publications proceeds, and the words you subscribe, the more likely to receive a prompt improvement from the plates.

ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.—The December number of Arthur's Magazine, completing the volume, is a model of pleasant review of the past, and with promises for the future, which we are sure the publisher will keep. It is one of the pleasantest monthly visitors to our table, and is rendered so by a wide circle of readers.

PETER PARLEY'S LITTLE LIBRARY, FOR LITTLE READERS. *Boston: Munroe & Co. Philadelphia: Butler & Williams.* This is a pretty little publication, with wood cuts, and some very tasteful "Fallerbone" lithographs. It is worth the present subscriber's notice, and will delight the present receivers.

THEOPHILUS'S GREECE. The Harpers' have commenced the publication of Theobald's Greece in numbers, the 1st of which is received by *Zieber & Co., and T. B. Peterson.* It is a standard work, and will be added to the valuable library editions of the Harpers' be widely purchased.

ILLUSTRATED SHAKESPEARE.—The thirty-third number of Howard Illustrated Shakespeare, has been received by *Zieber & Co., and T. B. Peterson.* It is only necessary to say of it, that it supports the elegant appearance of preceding numbers.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. *Philadelphia: Ward Company.* It is a matter that the world is not aware of the best and most available exchanges we get, and worthy of all recommendation. It may be had also of *T. B. Peterson.*

TALES FROM THE GERMAN.—The Harpers' have published a very interesting collection of tales, from their favorite, no. 86 of the library of Select Novels. It is for sale at *Zieber & Co's*, and by *T. B. Peterson.*

THE SPIRIT examined at Saratoga—Mr. Beers has been indulging in the base prompting of his disposition by mutilating a number of fine trees, which had been imported from France, and were designed as shade trees. Such a malicious crime as this deserves severe punishment. It is gratuitous mischief.

Fires.

FIRE IN PROVIDENCE.—On Wednesday, of last week, the soap and candle works of L. Kendall & Co., Providence, R. I., were entirely destroyed by fire; partly insured. The loss was from $15,000 to $20,000. The stable adjoining, belonging to Charles Dyer, Esq., was also burnt. It was occupied by the Worcester and Worcester Stage Company, H. S. Mansfield, Esq., proprietor. The horses and carriages were saved: a considerable stock of hay, grain, &c. was consumed. Mr. Dyer had an insurance on the stable, of $1,000. Messrs Martin's Planing Works, on the opposite side of the street, were also badly injured in the machines, tools and stock.

FIRE IN CLEVELAND.—A very destructive fire broke out at Cleveland, O., on the night of the 12th inst. It was discovered in the "Lawrence Buildings," owned by George M. Atwater, Esq., of New York. Before it was put out it was discovered that the building could not be saved, the stores occupied by Messrs. Crangle, Barker & Co., Wm. Hall, Dunn and Hall, and Henry M. Lewis is collecting for us in Alabama, Fleming & Babcock were entered, and most of the movables were carried into the street and the adjacent houses. The total loss is estimated at $15,000, or more, a very considerable amount of which was covered by insurance, but what precise amount is not mentioned.

FIRE IN BOSTON.—On Wednesday, of last week, a fire broke out in the house No. 10, Concord Place, owned and occupied by Mr. George W. Wilson, and before it could be subdued, the building was burnt to a shell. The furniture and contents were all consumed, and the inmates of the house barely escaped with their lives. One lady and a child were carried through the roof, almost in a state of suffocation. The adjoining tenement (No. 15) was somewhat injured

Selected Poetry.

THE CEMETERY.

The following Poem, written by A. B. Street, Esq., was presented at the Centennial Celebration of the Century near Albany, N. Y.

When life's last breath has faintly ebb'd away,
And strength is left but a remembrance dim,
And Death's relentless hand is mingled cold
With the pale brow, the sunken eye and limb,
What though the soul has entered to eternal light—
Beyond a darkened palace it entered light—
A hallowed influence seems to cling
About the precincts of the shadow haunt.
The spot where should rest the precious dust,
Dear to the home, nor yet cool ocean's bed,
Nor the far-north—cold frost can shrink it not.
There should the frame be laid to its repose,
Where the green Mother spreads her kindliest sod,
Spreads the green mantle o'er the sleeping form,
There the soft rain-drops fall, and there the wave,
And birds yield song, flowers fragrance, round the place,
And all is in accordance to the spot.
There is a sacredness in cemetery where rest
And eyes when years have gone by, our bereaved feet
Seek first with many tears their hallowed spot,
And the fond hope lives even at our bosom,
With death's dark veil between, to find that spot.
All flows his grounds with lavish bounties spread,
Nature's richest charms are given free to the dead.
The lovely cypress spirals, whence the ruptured light
Streams on the blackened sepulchre rock and tomb,
The weeping and mourners, trees cast their sad pall,
And the dark yew, and the willow bend,
Their bending grief and their branches mingled,
And thus, on heather, opening to the trend,
Along with the round tombstone's gloomy form,
Striving to hide, but busily adding song—
The silvery moon pale beams of midnight round,
By this they rendered consecrated ground.
Those old elms woods, where sacred white and rude
Has built a throne for mourning holiness,
Where the pilgrim's foot has worn the path and mossed
And the grey stone, and the cross of wood,
Bearing the name that had the wandering feet,
Through years of toil and danger, to the spot
To receive thy dearest into heavenly rest.
Oh, cemetery, thou art holiness to them—

Here will his steps the mourning husband bend
Where sleeps the partner for his friend;
In the pure memory of the pure he'd love
The more that ever sweet is next will be found
In the light waving of the bough he'll view
The form that somehow seems to speak from there.
As the rent mother threads each leafy bower,
Her infant's form will seem from every flower
To laugh and echo in the warbling glee
Of every lovely bird that sings around.
To the dear friend the cemetery by the dead
Is more than one pencil'd parent's form;
And in the sighing of the evening breeze
It will hear those lingering tones, now hushed in death.

Through these branch'd yaults will Contemplation wend,
And grave o'er cemetery's gloomy walks to muse
At the white grave stones glimmer in the eye,
Where sleeps the ashes of the lovely and the wise?
Where Accuracy can scan glimmering in the eye,
That voice will whisper to his soul, "prepare—
For lo! thou seest how great and how small and dull,
Oh, this is death!" that solemn voice will send,
Through the deep thrilling, to each inmost nerve;
Hope, Christian hope," until say, "there's life in yond the grave!"

From the Magazines.

FROM NEWTON'S HOUSEHOLD.

MEUM AND TUUM.

Charley began at home.—*Old Proverb.*

One Sabbath morn, in the year 17—, the Gungan Chapel, in the gay and then fashionable city of Bath, was crowded to excess. A collection was to be made at the end of the service, in aid of the funds for supporting the Bridewell charity school. Let it not be supposed that the majority of the congregation assembled for the humane purpose of clothing the bodies of a hundred boys in dowlas shirts, and blue coats, or that lower jaws in dowlas, relieved leather garments, and pepper-and-salt worsted breech stuff, were much thing. Fortune, that freakish and despotic tyrant, had converted a sacred edifice into a rendezvous of her votaries.

And now, having said our readers why so large an assembly had gathered together, we must beg them to suppose that all have retired home much edified and improved, and that we embark on the Monday morning had arrived.

The boys of the Bridewell school were busy at set for their brief hour of play: some ten or twelve of the youngsters, at a remote corner of the yard, had gathered into a cluster, listening with open mouths and upraised brows, to some thing strange and wonderful related by a lad named Harry Vowles. The narrator was one of the brightest and best behaved boys of the school, fond of his books, and although not so robust as many of his companions, was among their leader in all sports and pastimes.

No sooner were the "tender juniors" seated at due order upon their forms, than one of the elder boys made his way in the midst of the master, and intimated, almost in a whisper, that he had something of vast importance to communicate; he was ordered to ascend the stage, and place himself close in the ear of the ever willing listener. In a few moments, the master, his face flushed with emotion, and his eyes darting angry glances toward those on which Harry scorned, called out for the miscreant who had presumed to profane the sanctification of the case so flush.

"Come hither, you young rogue!" he roared, "come hither, you Vowles, I say, and let me hear this wild tale! Is the boy crazy—I command silence! what happened yesterday at the chapel—"

There's not a bit of invention in it, sir, no more than anything about either bullet or cocks. I saw and protest that I saw the gentleman who held the plate for the collection take both silver and gold off the basin, and put the money into his waistcoat and small clothes pockets."

"Do you know what you're talking about, you wicked young wretch?" demanded the master. "Why, that was Dr. Mitchell, one of the first physicians of the city,—lives in the Circus, and keeps his carriage and a host of servants. Now, come, Vowles, confess, 'tis a fog story, and I'll let you off with a rapping but if you stick to your text, I'll flay you alive!"

"I never told a lie in my life, sir," the boy replied, "and punishment won't force me to do so."

"We'll try that, my fellow, by and by. A mighty thing, indeed, for a charity-boy like you, to go about taking away the characters of your betters. But—" and here the learned and humane Mr. Murch chuckled at his being able to continue something like a cross-examination—"but, Vowles, I have a question to put, which will call upon all your talent as a story-teller to answer. It is this—If this man, as you call him, took off his cuffs, wiped both glasses very deliberately with his handkerchief, held them to the light to ascertain if his conduct had been correctly set, placed them carefully on the top of the money, with all the gravity of an old Bailey practitioner, continued, "Now, boy, we will for argument's sake, suppose for a moment that such an impossible thing had taken place, how could you, from your place in the gallery, see what was going on at the door? There I have you as a dead lock at 'ye!"

Vowles, on any daunted, calmly replied, "I was not in the gallery, sir; the best was at first that I was forced to get into the air, and stood close to the street: when I heard the congregation singing aloud, I placed myself at one of the folding-doors, just opposite where the gentleman stood—" Mr. Mitchell put one hand—and though the air where the hinges are! nor what I have said, and do say again."

"Oh, ho! my young gentleman, have I caught you in your own trap, I think, sir?" and as well as lying—now you shall smart for it!"

The master's wrath kept his word; poor Harry was severely chastised, and with a sensible heart went home to the widowed mother, to whom he communicated the occurrence he had received. The good soul listed on her son, and shed abundance of tears at the cruel fate that a natural good sense soon admonished her that even Harry's best assertions could not avail, and she sternly questioned Harry on the possibility of his or any member of his family having come of money from the gallon. Nothing could shake his testimony; it was too nearest for a bloodbolt in his plain, straight-forward way. The widow came to the conclusion that her child had been most flagrantly punished, and wisely concluding that any appeal to Mr. Murch would be unavailing, determined on calling next morning upon one of the most active governors of the Blue Coat School, in the hope that her poor boy's wrongs might be redressed, and the doubt of his veracity removed.

Mrs. Vowles found little difficulty in obtaining an audience with the governor gentleman she sought. She told her child's story with a mother's eloquence, and agreeably the good editors of her account.

"This is a strange business, a very serious one—such a one as I cannot possibly lend myself to an honest and upright man," observed Sir Walter Vowles, "if it must and shall be sifted, if it investigated. All we can hope, for the credit of broken estate of Doctor Mitchell, is that our money into his pockets, it was only to make change for other pockets, and your boy, not aware of this, regarded the action as deliberate, and, child-like, told the story as he believed it. Mr. Murch was strict in punishing for pocketing the little fellow without making the inquiries; only on it he still he strongly counsel for not stopping his duty. However, if you will leave the matter in my hands, I hope to put a satisfactory close to all parties concerned; meantime, caution your child not to mention a word about the affair till I give him leave to do so."

The widow cautioned her acquiescence, and withdrew.

Two Sundays after the one to which we have already alluded —— chapel was again crowded. The beauty of Holiness" actively called upon this occasion, the cause of the Female Orphan Asylum. Dr. Mitchell kindly ministered to take his usual station at the door. When the congregation departed, the committee of gentlemen who presided over the institution in whose behalf the sermon had been preached, and the collection made, assembled in the vestry-room to ascertain the amount. The physician shortly his gown upon the table with an air of self-satisfaction, observing, "A very handsome donation to-day; I am glad to say; but no wonder after such an eloquent discourse," and he smiled approvingly upon the young clergyman.

The latter was modest, the sun made known, and the party were on the eve of departure, when Sir Walter Vowles gravely inquired of Doctor Mitchell.

"And is that all that you have received?"

"All, sir! to what do you allude?"

The interrogatory of the worthy baronet created considerable surprise on the part of all present, and the violent manner in which the question was served by increase it.

Walter, with great coolness of tone and manner, rejoined:

"You shall know sir, what I asked you the question, boy of the charity-school, whom that upon a recent occasion, he saw you pocket the money given by the charitable, and for the accommodation of the poor, Mitchell."

"I'm glad to hear it," interrupted Mitchell, "as he ought to have seen the person, the vile slanderer."

"Gentle, that boy is without: may I crave your leave to bring him before you? he will state what he has seen literally."

"Oh, you employ spies, I perceive, Sir Walter," said Mitchell, nearly choked with wrath "you shall answer for this conspiracy, depend on it." "If there be law or justice left—"

Without heeding the threat, the baronet called Harry Vowles; the little fellow obeyed the summons, and his intelligent and modest appearance created a favorable contrast with the false of the man he was about to confront.

"Now, youngster," said Sir Walter, "if you have seen anything this morning which you think these gentlemen should know, speak out but remember, if you are guilty of the slightest falsehood, your punishment will be terrible."

"Sir," said the lad, flagged, as I was before, for telling the truth ?" asked Harry.

"Certainly not," the baronet every present.

With this encouragatory assurance, the child proceeded to relate what he had seen.

"The gentleman," pointing to Dr. Mitchell, "did the same to-day as he did this day fortnight; he put a few many pieces of gold into his pockets, particularly on the left side of his waistcoat, for I watched him slip it at least a dozen times."

"You can have no objection," observed one of the committee, "to produce the contents of your pockets, doctor, and thus set the matter at rest."

"Objection! certainly! Let me see who presumes to lay a hand upon me!"

"I will," said Sir Walter, "and if you do not immediately satisfy my doubts, I have a peace-officer in attendance, who will quickly make some smoaking a hypocrite and a thief."

"I will no longer listen to such unwarrantable language to one peer, I say!" exclaimed Mitchell. "Detain me, sir, at your peril?" Saying this, he struggled to gain the door, but was there met by most of the gentlemen present, who seized him by the arm.

Before you search that person," said the baronet, "let me appeize all present that, according to assertion the truth of this boy's charge, I provided many of my friends with half-crowns and sixpences, and pieces, all marked in a similar manner to the one I now produce, requesting that those coins might be given at the collection to the boy."

In vain did the physician struggle with the strong arm of the peace-officer, whose hand, in gold and silver were found upon his person, which proved the honest money he had received, the pseudo-charity mask placed by Sir Walter. The wretched man was now utterly confounded, but still endeavored to brave the detection of his guilt.

"I demand my liberty,—to-morrow I will lay this case of conspiracy and robbery before the magistrates," said Sir Walter, are the culprit, and that wretched urchin has been trained to aid you in your villainous and nefarious plot. But to-morrow my innocence shall be established."

With this bold avowal he rushed from the room, swept into his carriage in a new style, was set down at the door of his splendid mansion in the Circus.

The Guildhall at Bath presented an unusual scene on the following morning. Rumor, with her usual magnitude, had given rise to many different versions of the story we have endeavored to relate. Crowds of well-dressed persons, for the most part composed of frequenters of the chapel, pressed forward to obtain admission into the court. Men of all ranks were to be observed conversing round the seat of justice, and amongst them a large proportion of "the learned," who seemed to take peculiar interest in the charge brought against one of their body. At eleven o'clock his worship appeared.

Sir Walter Vowles was accompanied to that Sir Walter had to say, received the compliments of all in his familiars, as a mercy to be seen, and the only person he found on the premises was old Lucas, the broker, whose story has, that he had been sent for the previous afternoon, and had purchased everything that was offered, including carriage, horses, plate and wine, those he had paid for, partly in cash, partly in two bills on his bankers, Messrs. Hoare, Fleet street, London, and the bargain concluded. An inquiry was then made to know by which his counsel could be ascertained.

"Time tells its ceaseless course." A quarter of a century had passed away, and the city in progress our recently formed colony in New South Wales had grown rapidly in extent and importance. An emigrant, one recently arrived from Sydney, was under the command of Major Gardiner, of the 39th regiment, then quartered at Gibraltar.

Returning from his morning's ride, he perceived a mass of people congregated in an open space, in the centre of the town, and on progress, and soon ascertained that the crowd had collected to witness a flogging, which though he was, undergo the punishment of whipping. The delinquent was an old man, about sixty years of age, who was being scourged by sixty witness, being round a mean-looking wretch, whose back, bare to the waist, and hands made unavailing efforts to disengage himself from the grasp of the prisoner's assistants; as Gardiner approached, the wretched being, in a fierce voice, exclaimed:

"Oh, sir, for the love of Heaven save me! I have suffered much, and shall remain. I have borne, but Oh, spare me from the lash, and I will bless you with my latest breath."

The appeal was received of the gaol-keeper who offence the sufferer had committed, and learned that he had been sentenced to death for false prisoner, had been traced to his present abode as petty thefts were then constantly occurring amongst the convicts, he had received instructions to shield the evil by summary punishment of the offenders.

"The old fellow," continued the gaoler, "has behaved very well of late years; he was a tumultuous customer when he first came out, but there's a long score to be paid off, and a black mark against Mason since this place of his first took upon."

"Enough," said the major. "This poor creature's cries have reached my ears, and must be continued, addressing Mateo, "let me urge that the garden now granted you may not be abused."

Saying this, the gallant officer rode off, and had not proceeded many paces when a tall tree, to which both see and saw had been appointed, where Mason's back, and his head rested in his hands.

"Now, my poor fellow, what is your case?" the former was asked.

"Oh, sir, for the love of Heaven, hear me! I have suffered much, and shall remain. I have borne, but Oh, spare me from the lash, and I will bless you with my latest breath."

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